

Glad it's not You

Glad it's not You

Tristin

"Did you take care of everything?" I ask Luca without taking my eyes off Grace, who is standing in the distance.

"Yes, Boss. Ethan will be in for life for everything he did." He says. 1

I nod, the weight finally lifting off my shoulders. With Lily gone and Ethan paying for everything he did, Grace is now safe.

Still, I can protect her from the physical harm, but I can not shield her from the emotional damage.

Lily's death has had a significant impact on her. I didn't think she would want to involve herself in her family's affairs anymore, but she proved it to me.

Last night, when she told me that she wanted to arrange a funeral for Lily, I was surprised. A little angry, too, but mostly just surprised.

Did I miscalculate Lily's importance in Grace's life?

Did Grace still hold a soft spot for her evil sister?

I kept wondering, but in the end, I couldn't bring myself to ask her any of those questions.

It was clear to me. She needed this. So I didn't get angry or make her uncomfortable.



I simply asked Luca to arrange everything for the funeral. Grace wanted to do everything herself, but she quickly understood that I was already at my limit with her kindness towards the bitch that died.

I press my lips in a thin line. She was sulking after I refused to let her do everything on her own and didn't sleep in the same bed as me.

Now, I feel like shit. I haven't slept a wink since last night, and on top of that, I have to watch her crouch beside Lily's grave, whispering God knows what.

"You should have asked Ms. Whitlock before...letting Lily go, Boss. " Luca murmurs.

"I should have. " I nod.

Will she be mad if I tell her that I knew if I let Lily go, Ethan will kill her inevitably?

I grimace. She hasn't even properly forgiven me for my last fuck up.

Well, in my defense...

I didn't fucking know that she still cared so much about Lily Whitlock. I thought she wanted her gone, and now all this...

What do I do now?

Grace rises in the distance and turns around, walking back to me. My heartbeat escalates as I eye the fresh grave behind her.

I am going to tell Grace everything right away. I won't wait for the

Glad it's not You

right time.

Lost in thoughts, I miss the moment Grace returns and wraps her arms around my waist. I blink, surprise crossing my face before my arms close around her instinctively.

I look down to find her face hidden in my chest. She is not crying or trembling—that's a good start.

"Don't be mad at me." She whispers and tightens her hold on me. "I really needed to do this because there was no one else they could call."

Did I give her the impression that I was mad at her for caring about her dead sister?

Well, I was really mad, but I made sure not to show it to her at least.

I lean down and press a kiss on her hair. "It's alright, Little Butterfly. I understand."

She draws her head back and rests her chin on my chest as she looks into my eyes. "You know...I thought I would be really sad that she was dead."

I can sense the noose tightening around my throat. I don't want to mess up again. This time, she might as well leave me, and I will go back to how I was, without her, for a whole week.

It was like I couldn't sleep, or eat, or think. All I could do was work like a robot to avoid feeling the void in my chest.

"But...I guess...when someone does so many bad things to you...you



stop feeling things for them. " She hums, her eyes droopy and sparkling as she stares into my eyes. " I tried to feel a little guilty that I felt nothing over her death...but I can't even feel that. It's not my fault. I finally understand that...whatever happened...was not my fault. "

A soft smile spreads on my lips as I cup her cheek. " it was never your fault. You haven't done anything to anyone. "

" Hmm. " She hums and closes her eyes.

I trace her features with my eyes, my gaze lingering on the frown between her brows. I kiss her forehead, her brows, her eyes.

She tries to act so strong all alone, but just when she comes this close, she falls into my arms like she knows she can rely on me.

I can't help but think that I want her to be always like this. I will never make her feel like she can no longer rely on me or not act vulnerable when we are close.

She can be strong in front of others and act all okay, but I don't want her to pretend in front of me.

" You knew he would kill her, right? " She whispers, startling me.

My lips hover above her forehead as I release a breath. " I did. "

" That's why you let her go. " She mumbles under her breath.

I don't need to reply. She has guessed it. I stare at her face, trying to understand if she is about to yell at me or not.



The silence between us stretches. I focus on her heart beating against my chest.

"I am sorry." I blurt after a long time. "I am—"

"She made so many enemies, did so many bad things." Grace interrupts me, and her eyes finally open.

I stiffen when I look into her glassy eyes. My heart misses a beat as I imagine her next words.

"Someone was going to get her someday." She adds, her shoulders slumping. "It's safe to say that she wouldn't have survived for too long in our world, Tristin."

I already knew that. If not me, Ethan would get her. If not Ethan, my cousin's family would. Someone was going to get her, but I no longer wanted it to be me.

I know that the woman I love is the sister of the girl who pushed my brother to his death. And it doesn't matter to me anymore.

But I didn't want Grace to go through the same. I didn't want her to look at me and think that this was the man who killed my sister. I didn't want her to shoulder the burden of loving her sister's killer.

So...I let Lily go. I let my vengeance go. And I don't regret it.

"I am just glad it's not you, Tristin." Grace whispers, bringing my attention back to her.

"What?"

Glad it's not You

"I said...I am glad that you were not the one who killed her. I didn't want it to be you." She says, pulling away. "as long as it's not you, it hurts less."

I don't get the chance to say anything else. She smiles at me softly and gets in the car, leaving me standing there.

I look in the distance, at the grave, and feel peace surrounding me. The woman under that grave caused pain to everyone she knew, and now she can no longer agonize anyone.

The dark chapter of our lives is over.

"I forgot to ask last night." I slide in the backseat beside her.

"I will." She blurts before I can tell her what I forgot.

I was about to take her hand in mine, but I can not move now. My gaze meets her soft eyes, and my breath catches in my throat.

"I don't want you to ask every day." Grace sighs. "Just ask me on a random day when I am really happy. And I will say yes."

SURPRISE GIFT: 100 BONUS FREE FOR YOU

GET IT



Comments



Support